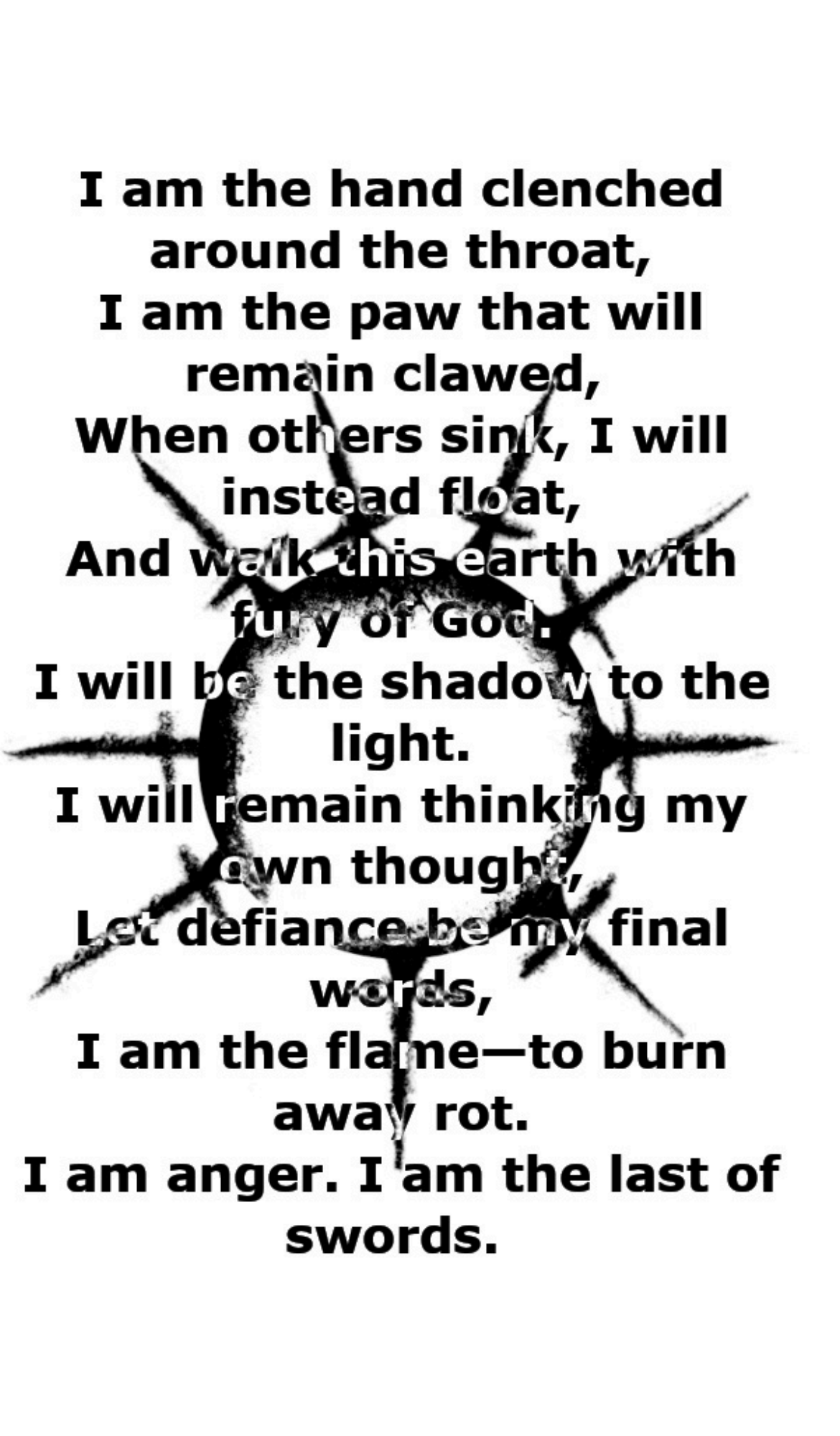
TEN OF
SWORDS: ONE
MBTS

...BUT WHY IS THERE ONLY NINE?

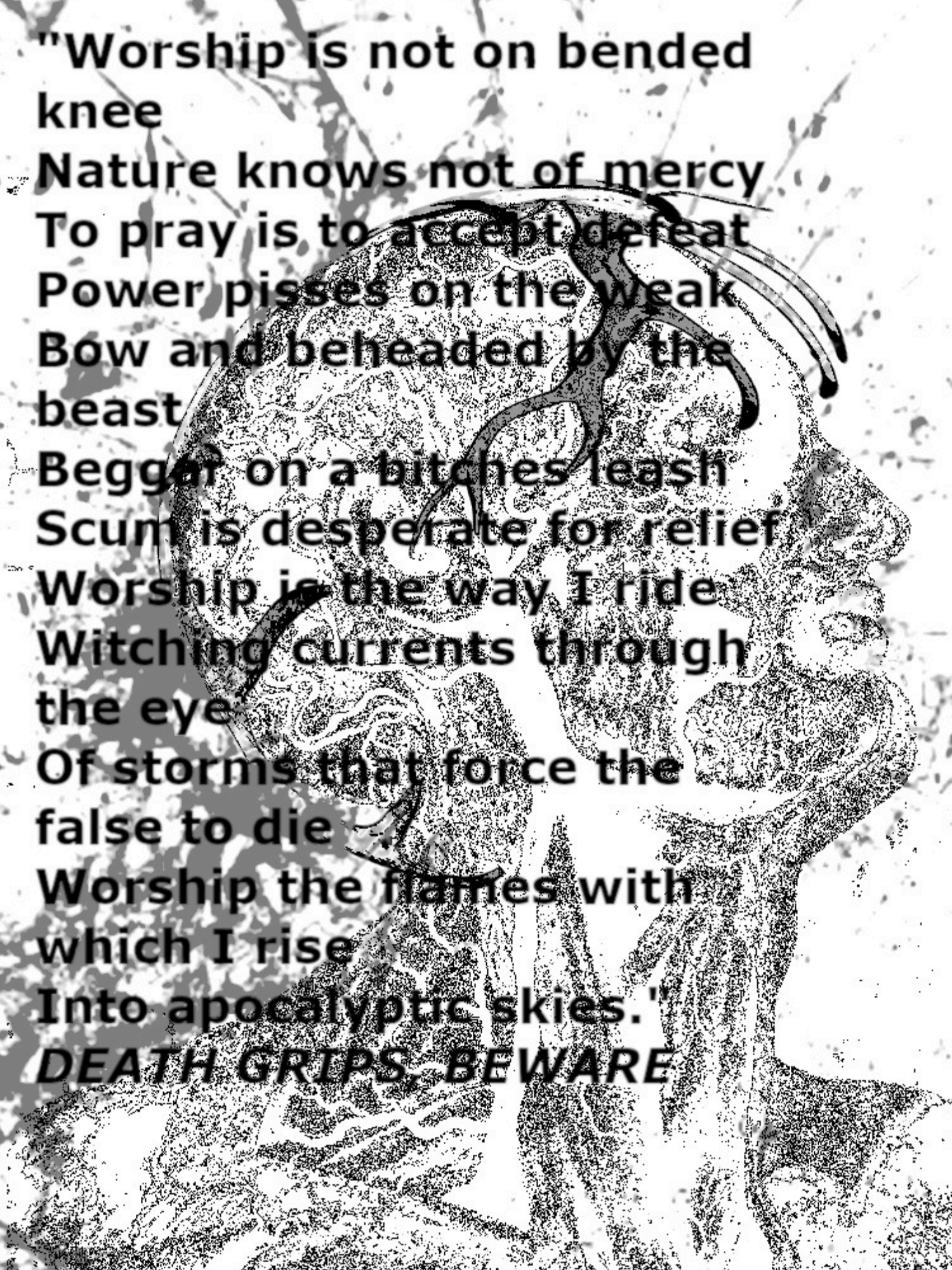
SO SAYS THE KEEN OBSERVER...

Indeed; why is there only nine swords if this zine series is called "TEN OF SWORDS?" The answer is simple, there are ten swords. There are nine on the cover, and you, dear reader, are the tenth sword. You are not a separate entity, there is no fourth wall to allow passivity, and there is no outsider-looking-in mentality allowed here. Throughout this zine I will refer to you because you are present. As you read this, you are a character in these stories and essays. The only time I'm not having a conversation with you is when you close this booklet. It's also why I made this part a bit hard to read. So to You, I bid thee farewell for now with this to stay in your mind in hopes that you carry what is said here as a weapon against the rising tides of apathy and stoicism:

There comes a time in many a man's life, no matter how angry, when he realizes something. He realizes that it is far easier to accept the world for what it is, than to try to change it, that "It can always be worse," is the perfect mantra to sleep easy and not be up all night with blood vessels ready to burst and fists clenched tightly. As of now, if I were in the court of tyrants and asked to kneel before evil and injustice or whatever, I would have my sword unsheathed before I drew first breath, even if I knew for certain I will lose; I—and by extension you, must fight, if only because to fight means they know we do not approve and would rather rot in the ground than suffer trespass. Today I will chant a different prayer, to dismiss this life and worship death and leave it at this:



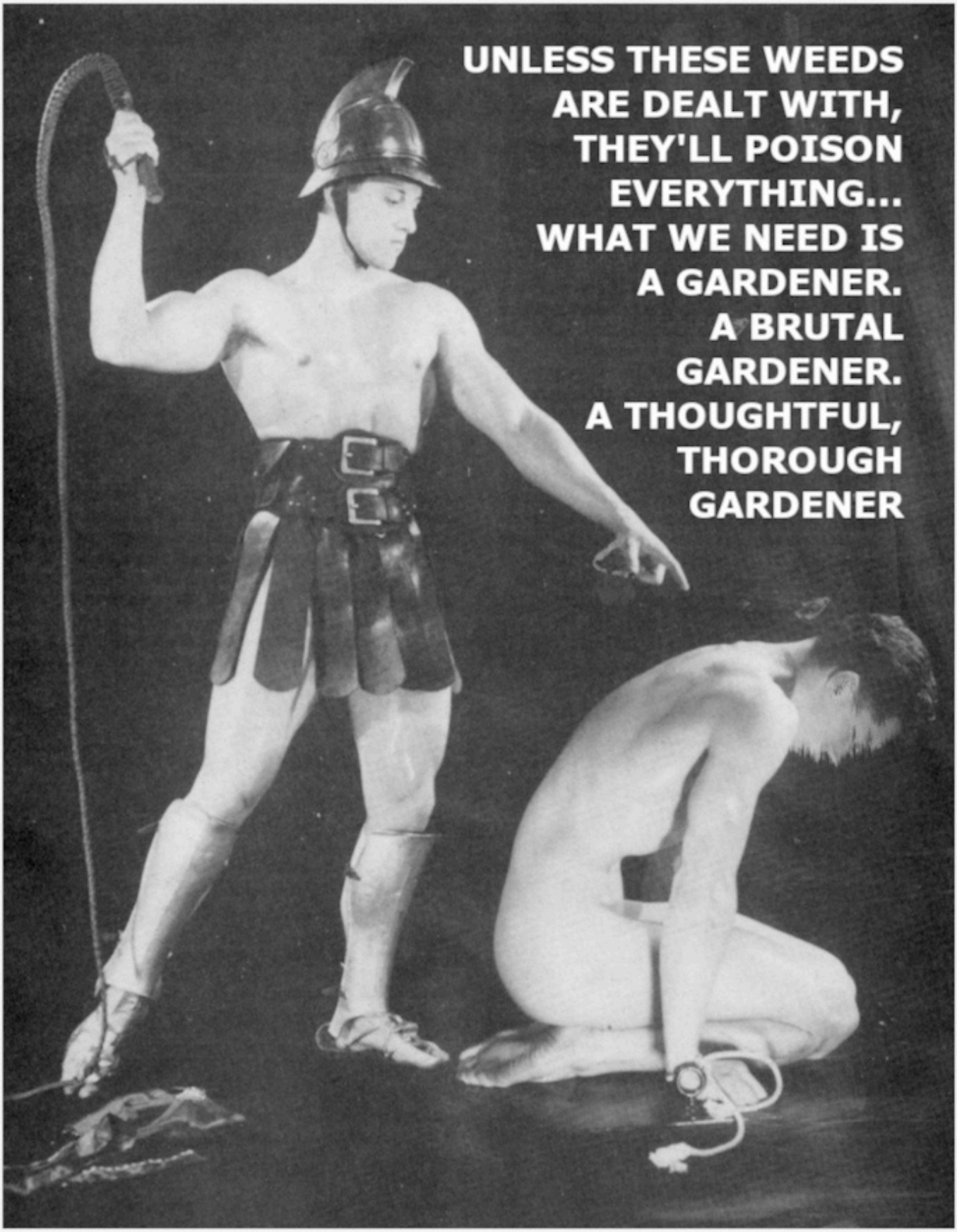
I am the hand clenched
around the throat,
I am the paw that will
remain clawed,
When others sink, I will
instead float,
And walk this earth with
fury of God.
I will be the shadow to the
light.
I will remain thinking my
own thought,
Let defiance be my final
words,
I am the flame—to burn
away rot.
I am anger. I am the last of
swords.


"Worship is not on bended knee
Nature knows not of mercy
To pray is to accept defeat
Power pisses on the weak
Bow and beheaded by the beast
Beggar on a bitches leash
Scum is desperate for relief
Worship is the way I ride
Witching currents through the eye
Of storms that force the false to die
Worship the flames with which I rise
Into apocalyptic skies."
DEATH GRIPS, BEWARE

THIS EDITION IS BROUGHT TO YOU IN PART BY:

THE SUN

BLESSED BE THE SUN,
LET THE LORD'S FLAME BE MY SWORD,
AND KNOW NO DARKNESS


UNLESS THESE WEEDS ARE DEALT WITH, THEY'LL POISON EVERYTHING... WHAT WE NEED IS A GARDENER. A BRUTAL GARDENER. A THOUGHTFUL, THOROUGH GARDENER

TEN OF SWORDS PRESENTS:

BLOODY FIST IN AETERNUM

WRITTEN BY MAGGOTFACE KLINK

BLOODY FIST IN AETERNUM

(The following has been transcribed from its original format into a cleaner and more legible composition. In order to protect my ass legally, I must say that all names and identities referenced within are entirely fictitious and any and all similarities to real persons, dead or alive, is entirely coincidental. As I have found myself dissatisfied with the original content, I have decided to change, rewrite, and add on wholly new material to this essay. As stated below: I do as I please.)

Reason for inclusion and essay

While not an explicit book on how to live–moreso a timeline on an obscure Australian hardcore techno/punk label, I think it inspiring and an ideal approach to art. 110% always, full fuck yous to everything the local community has circlejerked itself into approving, rage, disdain, and unfiltered flow; cater to none, fuck it all up and charge double. I can only hope to be like this.

I do as I please and can't be bothered to fetch my maroon journal for literary analyses.

Nasenbluten and profit motive

Throughout the booklet, there is almost no mention of money and finances, most progress is simply measured by releases and time passing. Why? Are these guys fucking stupid? Retarded even? Why are they making art with no profit motive? Well, dear reader, I have theories.

Perhaps there is more to life than money, maybe it isn't all about printing cheap shitty graphics onto black gildan t-shirts and selling sewerslvt cassettes to dumb as fuck teenyboppers. Maybe, just maybe…art is…worth it for itself? Throughout the book, the lead Fister talks about discovering local acts that he personally fucked with, sounds and artists that he felt personified what Bloody Fist is all about. There was literally never a mention like "Oh we felt this sound was

gonna go big" or "Oh this guy had superstar potential" it was always about either being hardcore or not, and that's honestly so fucking tight. I feel like quite the fool for saying this, but one of my biggest gripes with my time spent in the cesspit I'm about to speak on was how I no longer had a small circle. Suddenly I'm following this bitch and that fucker and I have a million (like 3) replies to my story and I'm suddenly so obsessed with how people perceive me and I have to think like this cuck and pretend like knocked loose is good (which it isn't) and that this local shit doesn't suck ass. To worry is to suffer twice I suppose, but lord did I really let all that shit sweep me up and erode my individuality. Trading my sense of self and worth for acceptance from a bunch of capital-F FAGGOTS.

How this relates to me and how I relate to the world I live in

I find myself burning to create–music, art, stories, videos on Youtube like that stupid family vlog channel I'm ironically subscribed to and hell on earth. I have this desire but often feel dissuaded knowing it is entirely pointless in a nihilistic sense–what good is painting and singing when I'll rot the same as I would if I spend my days jacking off and playing slopsim like those limpdick fucks (that are much happier than I) who I hate so much? In truth, the question shouldn't be "Why create?" but rather "Why not create?" I'm dying all the same, bought the ticket–might as well take (enjoy) the ride. A big demotivator comes from my time spent in the local hardcore scene. Upon my first experience, I thought it was the coolest shit I'd ever done saw–I thought it an explosive display of alternative culture embracing its shadow self and celebrating its own otherness, aggression and community manifest in a maelstrom of loud music and violent dancing. I

was like 19, and that was way too much credit for those wanks. In reality, it's an insanely derivative (incestuous I'd say) tar pit of tiktok punk culture and machismo where everyone likes to pretend they're some misunderstood outcast who must rise through the ashes and sing their life and show the world that hardcore isn't dead! In reality, a lot of these people were/are rapists, abusive, rich kids pretending to be poor, and sometimes all of the above; they didn't even make hardcore either, it's this mix of deathcore, metalcore, slam, mince/gore, and a lack of talent that results in what these smoothbrains call "DFW Hardcore" where all everyone listens to is each other and thus it all sounds like the same uninspired shit with growly low pitched vocals, a million breakdowns, and the same "817, GET THE FUCK UP!" call before every gay ass song. Fucking embarassing. I had this realization on my 21st birthday (coincidentally when my frontal lobe finished developing) and spiraled into this idiot-doom loop of thoughts where the futility of life crushed my spirit at a show, and as a consequence I missed out on seeing SCALP live–I actually fucking love those guys, they were even debuting Endless Relapse (in actuality the album is Black Tar, I just really like that song) which has become a personal favorite of mine. It is entirely my fault for falling down that spiral and sitting outside–but I blame the local scene for being so lame and convincing me art is a pointless pursuit.

As a result of my disillusionment with the local hardcore scene, I've struggled to make art and even more–completely abandoned the idea of community. While I've met some very cool people and even some best friends (minus that cunt), there's no denying I've met some of the worst people I've ever met in that community (including that cunt). This includes my time spent with junkies, the incelcore server (lots of misogynists and racists–yet they didn't literally rape to their heart's content though they ain't exactly saints and there were

plenty of creeps I would like to acknowledge), and the many literally insane people I've known in my life. Why would I want to build something with these subhuman scum? I would sooner wish for a hellspawn deathsquad to open fire on us all and make humanity just a little bit better. This leads me to **THE WALL**.

AT THIS POINT IN THE ORIGINAL WRITING, I HAD TO SHARPEN MY PENCIL TWICE, DUE TO HOW ANGRY I WAS AND HOW HARD I WAS PRESSING DOWN

The Wall

At this point, I've been struggling on how I've wanted to go about this following section–a quick Proscriptio of people who have wronged me BUT ALSO to keep this from becoming just me whining and crying, I wanted these specific subhumans to be indicative of much larger problems within the scene and to represent them as a whole. He who can make the personal universal understands both so I would think. To anyone on this list, FUCK YOU AND FACE THE WALL.

My father once told me, for some fucking reason, that it does not matter if you are holding the knife or the legs of the calf– you still slit the throat. I'm reminded of this bizzare quote whenever I think about this time that this random fucker, I hate to say it but I'm pretty sure it was Charlie, watched this movie called Green Room. Pretty solid movie, does a good job at building and keeping tension, pacing is really well done, story is simple yet done in a way that the twists don't seem obvious or feel forced, solid 8/10, paced very well, start to finish it just flies by, no complaints from me. But, this absolute KNUCKLEHEAD'S only takeaway was that it's a "Poor portrayal of the punk scene and whoever made it clearly doesn't know that nazis can't be punks, they'd get kicked out!" Like dude, first, did you even watch the fucking movie? Do you sit with your thumb up your ass thinking about our stupid fucking scene all day every day? Secondly,

that shit isn't true at all, nazis are always trying to infiltrate our shit, that shit doesn't even hold up concerning the local scene. This kind of centrist-ostrich mentality is honestly what I believe has led to the downfall of America. Not to echo the sentiments of the modern Neo-Nazi handbook, SIEGE, but Americans are lazy and docile creatures fully content with being financially and spiritually sodomized and gaped by the Clintons and having their sons churned into hot slurry and their daughters whored out to the highest bidder so it makes sense to me that they pretend like everything's okay and at worst we just need a good conversation. This attitude is what allows these parasites to roam our streets and not get flayed. I FUCKING HATE THESE PEOPLE. Fake punks and do-nothing-Davids get the fucking wall.

This Nazi cunt, Jay. She was this poser goth chick with a HIGH RANKING Nazi general for a grandpa that she described as "One of the good ones" as though he just got the promotion for doing his weeklies on time and not slaughtering a bunch of little Jewish boys and girls. Not to mention how just truly unpleasant she was to talk to. This stupid fucking bitch loved to remind me how she saw GULCH live as though I didn't want to curbstomp her every time she told me that worthless story. I always fantasized about robbing her of all the totemkompf pins and nazi gold bars and knocking out all of her teeth. I am not at all sad this bitch is no longer in my life. Her memory has the same stench I smell whenever I see some loser dork in a Deftones shirt at a show. In an ideal world, which we can all help to create, emo fags and poser goth fetishists get the fucking wall.

This annoying pretentious little prick named Viktor, who

tried to pop back into my life like recurrent cancer after being super two faced to my dear and beloved homies recently. He showed up to Pervert Ward's first show and stood awkwardly, waiting for acknowledgement, mouth agape and eyes bulging out like your average redditor watching someone rail his wife. Easily one of the biggest pseudo-intellectuals I have ever had the displeasure of knowing—right there with that white supremacist pedophile I knew in high school named Joel. All he's good for is to be laughed at and to bitch about and create problems that don't need to exist. To quote one of the dudes from Big Boy's side projects:

"You bring nothing to the table
You just wanna talk shit
All that time to hate
Nothing to show for it"

It isn't the negativity I'm against. Ruthless criticism is integral to my philosophy; an often sharpened blade will never fail to cut. It's this constant begging and seeking of validation from a bunch of people who couldn't care less whether he lives or dies, willing to forfeit his own standings and everything he's built just cause some fat bitch on twitter posts his private cryings in her groupchats. Pseudointellectuals and pussy motherfuckers get the fucking wall I must say.

This gaggle of dumb worthless whores that exist as a conglomerate of flesh that moves and wastes air in unison. Clumps of skin and rotted tissue sulking along the ground like a malformed snail and leaving behind a fetid and bloody ooze the likes of which has a smell so inhumane that HP Lovecraft couldn't describe it even with how much he hates Arabs and Mexicans. This otherworldly monstrosity is

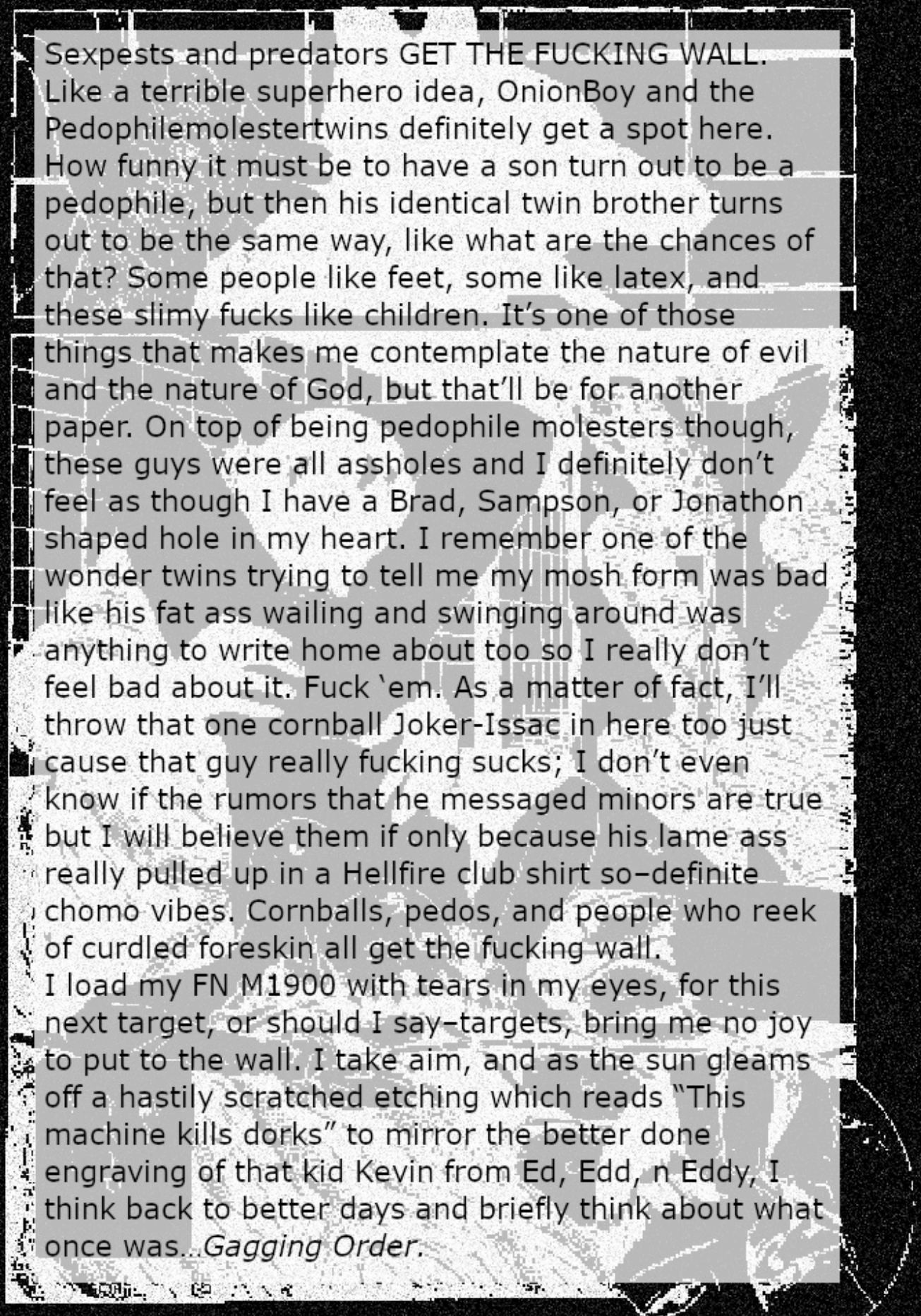
KILL YOUR LOCAL RAPIST...

AND HEAR HIS HOMIES SHOUT HIM OUT AT EVERY SHOW.

composed of this ogre named Savannah, this stupid inbred bitch named Steph who I hope gets found scalped, and Sierra/Syd who I never really knew but still associated with those trogs and as such deserves a pike to the lung. Their sins amount to nothing more than petty rudeness and bitchy attitudes towards the people around us, including the time one of them tried to spread unfounded rumors in a pathetic attempt to slander thine beloved narrator. The best they could do was to lie to people and say I abuse my wife (in some way; never specified) and I think that dumb battered cunt Steph said I was "Weird as fuck," which is crazy because I feel like in this essay alone there's enough to cancel me with all the horrid things I say, but oh well. These nasty ass, high school mean girl wannabe cunts and all those who subscribe to cliquishness like a religion like them get the fucking wall.

The next round of pigs for the slaughter is composed of several people. Starting with this sexpest named Q who I tried to be friends with. One time we, as in my wife, them, their concubine/sex slave (who I honestly pity), and I all hung out to watch Rocky horror and this KNUCKLEDRAGGER

would not shut the fuck up about "Oh where's the tits? Where's the female nudity?" As though their perversions were charming and not fucking annoying and disgusting. Coming from them, that creep, made me want to repent for ever liking anything sexual. This next bitch, I shall not directly name, for to speak this dumb cunt who betrayed my trust's name is to let in the devil, so I will call her...Itt-Bwam, short for "I Thought The Blunt Would chAnge your Mind" which in the possible event she reads this will piss her off so much and make me a very happy boy. I will simply say—may her humors rot in her still living body, and may she never know peace. May her flesh fail her and may the soul wither. May the hatred I whisper into the world find her one day. If not now then later—may it manifest as a cancer cell and may entropy reign. My reason for including her here though is not even because she broke my heart, honestly, it's because of some shit she did and said while we were "friends." During her tenure in a band with me, she admitted that she had no interest in the music we were making and was instead just hoping that this experience would help her in the future with her gay ass emo band idea. Back then that pissed me off, now I know I should've seen it for what it is. Someone using these aesthetics and scenes as a way to get laid. If I know her, and I think I do now, I will say that she and that sexpest Q are more alike than they'd like to think. Using these scenes as their hunting grounds and seeing their peers as nothing more than holes for flesh pursuits. Disgusting. Also I know too much about all these people's sex lives and I hate that, so for those reasons (and the obvious)--



Sexpests and predators GET THE FUCKING WALL. Like a terrible superhero idea, OnionBoy and the Pedophilemolestertwins definitely get a spot here. How funny it must be to have a son turn out to be a pedophile, but then his identical twin brother turns out to be the same way, like what are the chances of that? Some people like feet, some like latex, and these slimy fucks like children. It's one of those things that makes me contemplate the nature of evil and the nature of God, but that'll be for another paper. On top of being pedophile molesters though, these guys were all assholes and I definitely don't feel as though I have a Brad, Sampson, or Jonathon shaped hole in my heart. I remember one of the wonder twins trying to tell me my mosh form was bad like his fat ass wailing and swinging around was anything to write home about too so I really don't feel bad about it. Fuck 'em. As a matter of fact, I'll throw that one cornball Joker-Issac in here too just cause that guy really fucking sucks; I don't even know if the rumors that he messaged minors are true but I will believe them if only because his lame ass really pulled up in a Hellfire club shirt so–definite chomo vibes. Cornballs, pedos, and people who reek of curdled foreskin all get the fucking wall.

I load my FN M1900 with tears in my eyes, for this next target, or should I say–targets, bring me no joy to put to the wall. I take aim, and as the sun gleams off a hastily scratched etching which reads "This machine kills dorks" to mirror the better done engraving of that kid Kevin from Ed, Edd, n Eddy, I think back to better days and briefly think about what once was...*Gagging Order.*

I think there is no better parallel than the two covers for their EP and album. On their self-titled EP, the cover is an art piece done by the very respectable Mayor Mayo of a dominatrix type woman with that beautiful stretched impact font. Pretty cool visual, unique (at least within the scene) and instantly recognizable. Now, on their album Violent Desires, it's a pretty generic monster design, 3/4ths body pose that doesn't really stand out from anyone, and if the band's name were removed it could genuinely be for any random ass shit. What am I getting at with this? Well, this approach in art is perfectly mirrored in the evolution of their sound. Where once this was a very distinct and easily recognizable hardcore punk band, this new album is full of that DFW "hardcore" slurry of shit that every other wank and fuckwit is making. Genuinely indistinguishable from all the other generic ass bands they got up and going around here which is crazy because I'm pretty sure all of those people hang out and all they ever talk about is each others' projects. Nobody ever goes "oh we kinda sound like so-and-so let's change it up."? Perhaps it's a deliberate attempt to sell more of those lucrative Gildan graphic tees. Nobody knows who they're buying so they just buy whatever the fuck and walk away thinking they're representing something, but they're not. It's all a bunch of sell out bullshit that if it isn't selling its soul for monetary worth, it's for social clout and acceptance. This really isn't the most fun execution to do I must admit, for many years ago I was a top glazer. Driving all the way to Deep Ellum, our take on Gotham, just to mosh for them for 15 minutes to the same shit every time.

Every so often I would even go pay my respects to Robbie, Chance, Zach, maybe the other guy too. I don't remember that one all too well. Back then, I enjoyed it. Now, I wish I saved my time and money. Sell outs and the creatively bankrupt…in view of the fact that you and your friends are directly contributing to this artistic cesspit we find ourselves wading in, the committee of the 10 swords has decided you all get the fucking wall.

The wall is awash with crimson streaks and bullet holes dotting the entire side like stars amidst a sanguine cosmos, the air is thick and hard to breathe from burnt gunpowder, and the floor is littered with casings, all that non-state-sponsored violence spent all for what? I would like to share some words from Mos Def that I feel best capture what I'm trying to get at:

"People talk about hip-hop like it's some giant livin' in the hillside,
Comin' down to visit the townspeople.
We are hip-hop.
Me, you, everybody, we are hip-hop.
So hip-hop is going where we going.
So the next time you ask yourself where hip-hop is going—
Ask yourself: where am I going? How am I doing?"

If the scene is what we make it, and the scene is full of pedophiles and losers and sell outs and cliquish cunts and Nazis and what have you, then we needn't be in that scene. Let them sink each other down, tear each other's eyes out, and say motherfuck the community; we can all find our own or better yet—make our own. Even in defeat, it never has to be over until we ourselves surrender (if you didn't know, that's what this zine is named after).

AND I DRINK.
IT TASTES OF EVIL, HATRED, SPITE, CRUELTY, SADISM. IT TASTES OF SCREWING THE OTHER BASTARD GOOD AND PROPER...
IT TASTES OF WINNING...
AND I DRAIN IT TO THE LAST FRIGGING DROP.

Conclusion

I need to make art for no purpose to another–for myself. If it goes absolutely nowhere and I make a fool of myself, oh well. Who am I trying to impress? I need to express, I need to be, I need to create, I need to exist with such ferocity that I embody stage 4 cancer tumors. We need to take art back from its status as a get rich tactic so many use it for and flood this decaying empire with so much energy it can shoot up in flames from a single spark.

FUCK THE COMMUNITY;

I will find my own.

And BLOODY FIST for life, bitch.

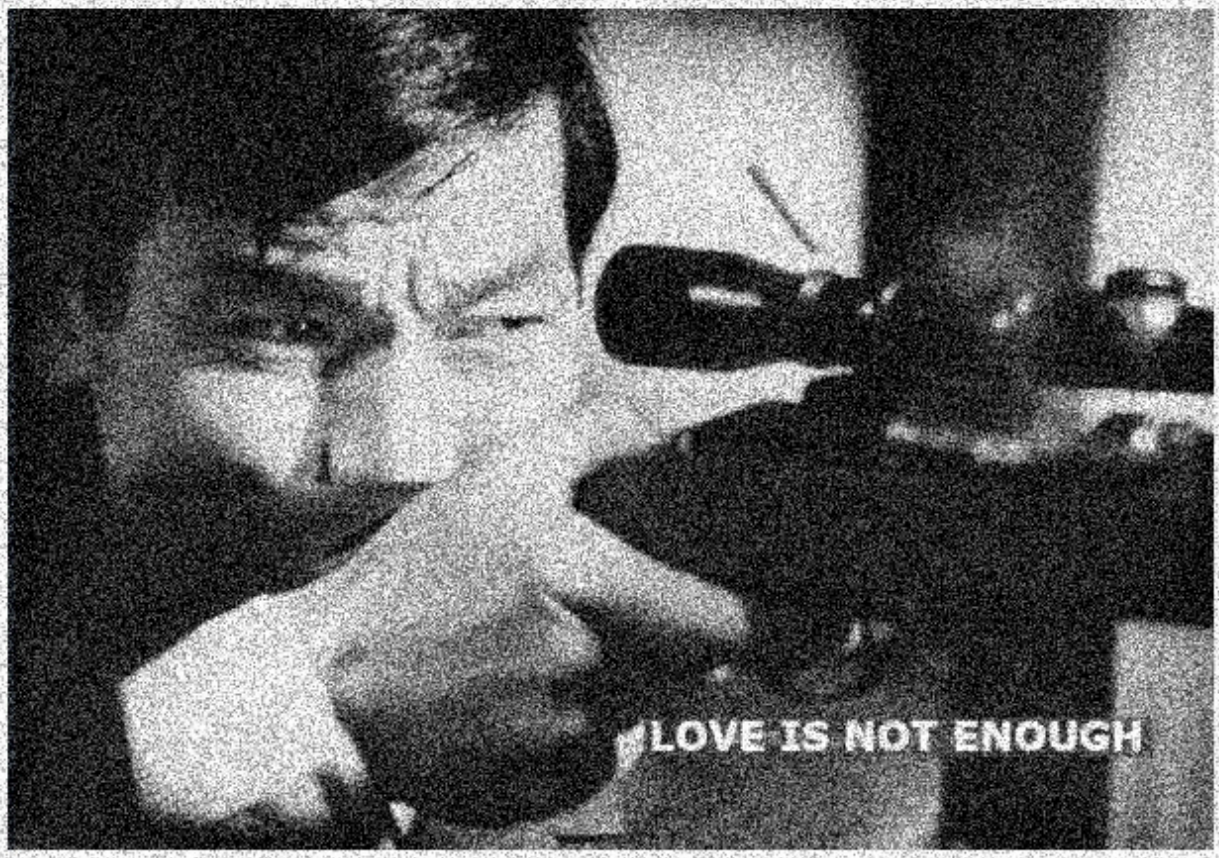
"MaggotFaceKlink," I hear my critics cry, "Why have you written this out thinking anyone would give a fuck? It seems like you're just a playa-hating asocial asshole who bullies and nitpicks everything. It could always be worse y'know."

Well, my dear critic—who for the sake of foreshadowing we shall call Thunderhooves1488, allow me to retort, if that's okay:

There comes a time in many a man's life, no matter how angry, when he realizes something. He realizes that it is far easier to accept the world for what it is, than to try to change it, that "It can always be worse," is the perfect mantra to sleep easy and not be up all night with blood vessels ready to burst and fists clenched tightly. As of now, if I were in the court of tyrants and asked to kneel before evil and injustice or whatever, I would have my sword unsheathed before I drew first breath, even if I knew for certain I will lose; I—and by extension you, must fight, if only because to fight means they know we do not approve and would rather rot in the ground than suffer trespass.

Today I will chant a different prayer, to dismiss this life and worship death and leave it at this:

TODAY I SEE ME.
TODAY I WILL BE ANGRY.
TODAY I BITE BACK.
FUCK YOUR BITCH AND
CLIQUE YOU CLAIM.
I'LL BE CALM IN DEATH.



Love will change the world
That's what we were told in the 60's
Love will make you happy
Love one another
Love makes the world go round
All you need is love
We've talked of love non-stop for the last few decades
Actually, the last few thousand years
Where exactly has it gotten us?
Are we one step closer to paradise?
Hardly...
Love hasn't stopped war, cured crime, or erased poverty
Hasn't even come close
Look for any sign of improvement and I guarantee you
You'll only the most cosmetic of changes

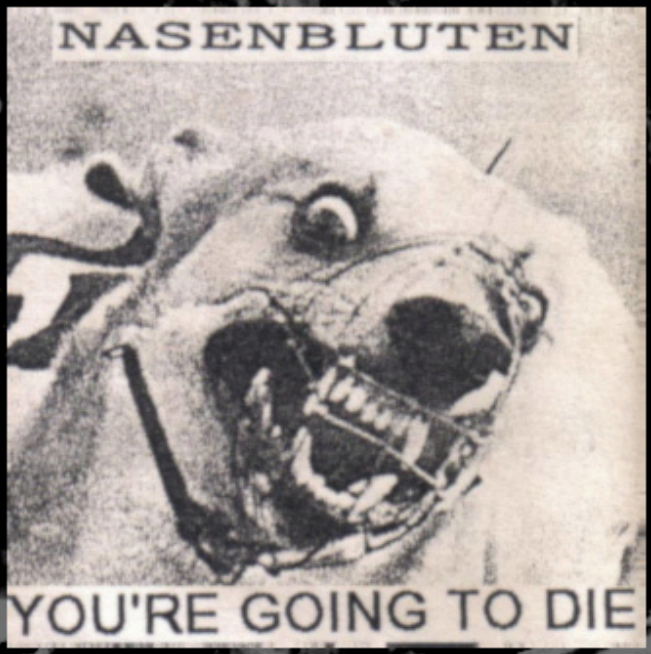
Window dressing
Empty symbolism
Thatcherist falderal
Things are getting better all the time the love nicks assure us
What about peace in the mid-east?
What about harmony in south africa
Sure, there's peace in the mid-east
In between bombings
And there's plenty of harmony in south africa
If you're wealthy enough to live behind electrified fences and locked gates
In reality, things have turned to shit
Social and moral decay is like an out of control cancer that has taken charge
A cancer born of love
If some people are actually stupid enough to believe things are improving

It's only because their poor brains are so benumbed by love
That they can no longer think straight
Love..
Sickly love, brotherly love, unconditional love, cowardly love, keep love
A love that says relinquish judgment
A love that encourages acceptance at the expense of discernment
It's no wonder people have imagined that things have changed for the better
When in fact all thats changed is their capacity to accept any amount of shit, unconditionally
So the verdict on love is both bad and good
The bad news is that love has turned the world into a sewer
The good news is, people have learned to love the smell of shit

THEY SAY THAT A HANGING MAN
HEARS GLORIOUS MUSIC...
I WONDER WHAT IT SOUNDS LIKE...

WELL, I BET IT SOUNDS AN AWFUL LOT LIKE:

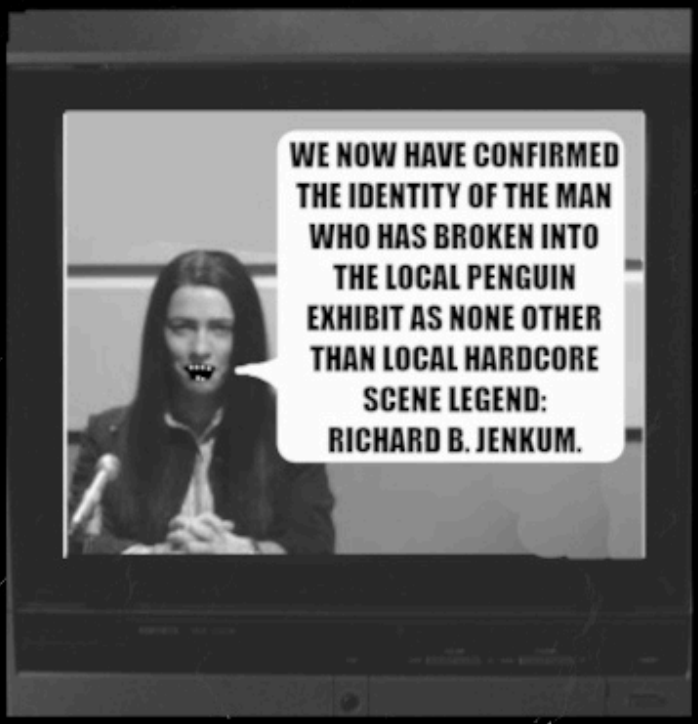
NASENBLUTEN-YOU'RE GOING TO DIE



This should come as no surprise considering the essay, but even ignoring that, it's hard not to recommend this album as essential listening. Coming from the early days of NASENBLUTEN, You're Going To Die (1993) serves as a fantastic introduction to the band and Bloody Fist as a whole. This is not for your lame ass coworker who goes to emo nights and shrek raves or for sending to the hunnies. I personally enjoy having this on as my workout music and daydreaming about stomping the heads of emo fags and ravers alike whilst I do my leg workouts. I would recommend this to just about everybody but absolutely to anyone who likes it fast, mean, angry and rough. You will love this. This album essentially functions as an hour and a half long 'best of' compilation for some prick who's barely started. My top three tracks (in no particular order) are: Rabid (Die Motherfucker Remix), Bones, and Cops And Robbers. No rating because I don't recommend anything unless I consider it a 10/10.

THIS FUTURE SUCKS.

*I, SMOKO GRASSAHARA, DECLARE THAT THAN THIS AWESOME FUCKING DOOB IS BEING IN SUCH A COOL LOCAL SCENE WITH CHILL PLAYAZ LIKE RICHARD B JENKUM. I WILL NOW CHECK MY LOCAL SCENE NEWS.

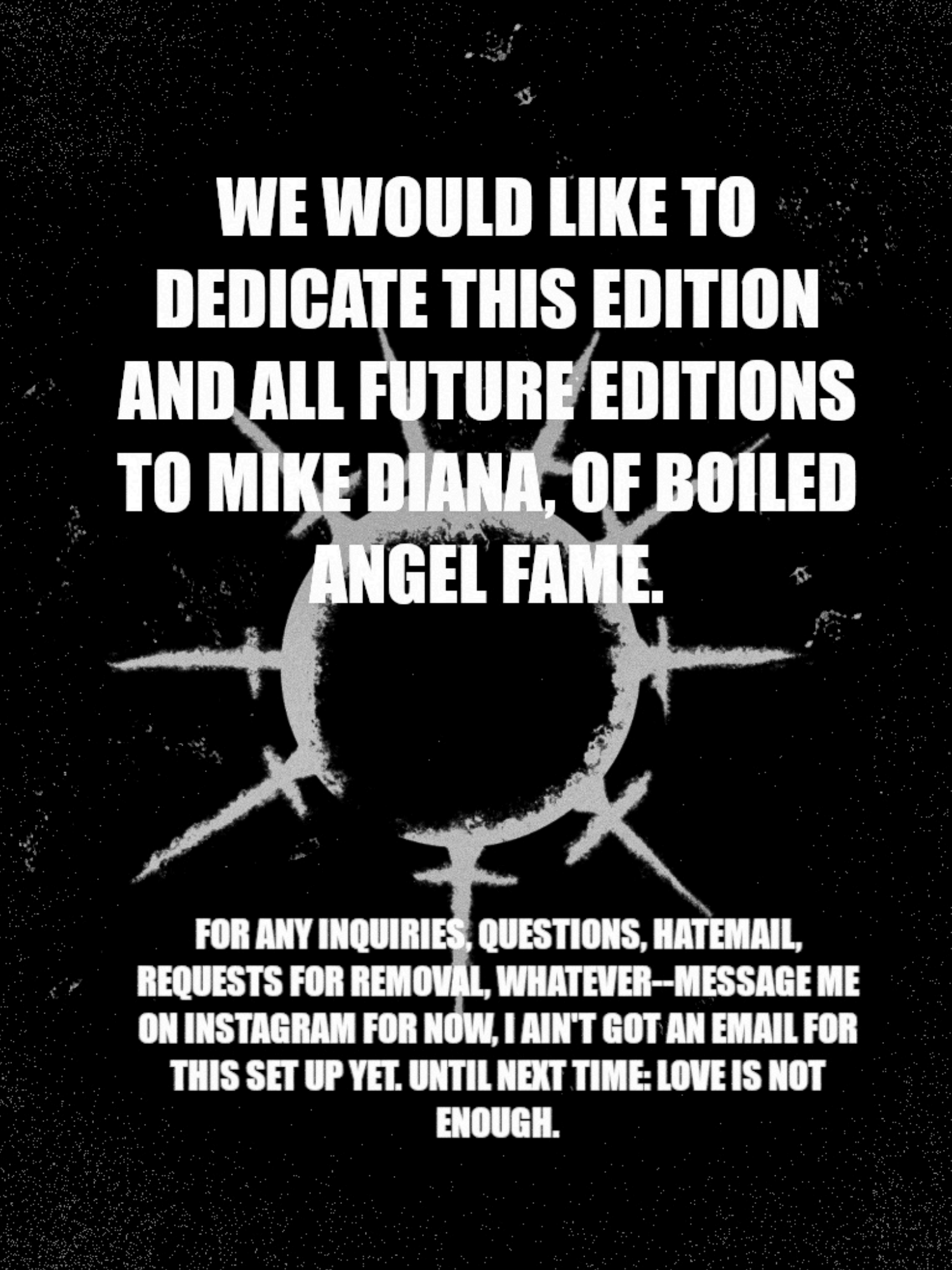

WE NOW HAVE CONFIRMED THE IDENTITY OF THE MAN WHO HAS BROKEN INTO THE LOCAL PENGUIN EXHIBIT AS NONE OTHER THAN LOCAL HARDCORE SCENE LEGEND: RICHARD B. JENKUM.

THANKS FOR READING
WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT TIME!

THIS HAS BEEN A 10 OF SWORDS PRODUCTION, MADE IN COLLABORATION WITH MEN BEHIND THE SUN.
FULLY PRODUCED, PLAGARIZED, AND MADE BY THE 10 OF SWORDS COUNCIL--MAGGOTFACE KLINK, MELLOW HARSHER, AND THUNDERHOOVES1488. WE HOPE YOU ENJOYED READING THIS ISSUE AND TO SEE YOU AGAIN NEXT TIME. FROM YOUR FRIENDS, AND FROM THE BOTTOM OF OUR HEARTS:
THANK YOU!

FEATURING ART BY DARKNETDATINGSERVICE

AND REMEMBER:
Life gets better when you stop trying to be everyone's cup of tea.


WE WOULD LIKE TO DEDICATE THIS EDITION AND ALL FUTURE EDITIONS TO MIKE DIANA, OF BOILED ANGEL FAME.
FOR ANY INQUIRIES, QUESTIONS, HATEMAIL, REQUESTS FOR REMOVAL, WHATEVER--MESSAGE ME ON INSTAGRAM FOR NOW, I AIN'T GOT AN EMAIL FOR THIS SET UP YET. UNTIL NEXT TIME: LOVE IS NOT ENOUGH.